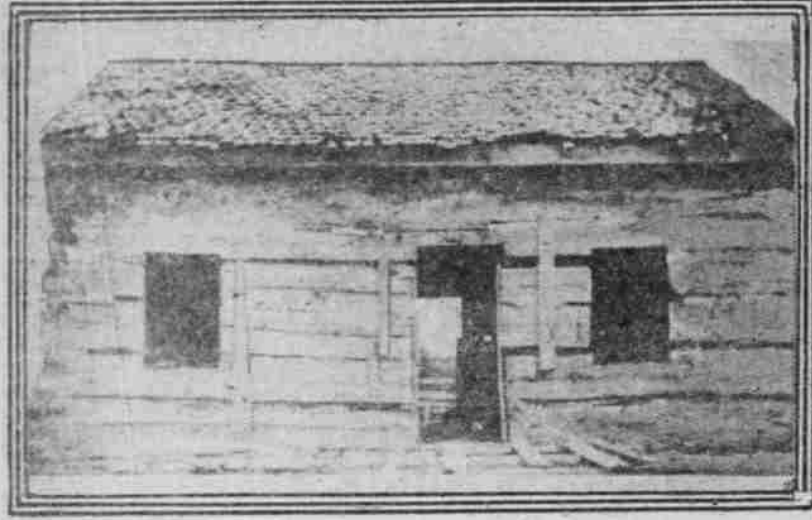


LINCOLN AS A POOR LAD

BY IDA M. TARBELL

HIS STRUGGLES AND JOYS IN INDIANA, WHERE HE LIVED FROM THE TIME HE WAS SEVEN UNTIL HE BECAME OF AGE.



LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME, WHICH HE HELPED TO BUILD.



A CABINET MADE BY LINCOLN WHILE LIVING IN INDIANA. IT IS OF WALNUT, ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH.

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE NEAR LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME, WHERE LINCOLN SWAM AS A BOY.



JOSIAH CRAWFORD, FOR WHOM LINCOLN WORKED AS A HIRED BOY AND OF WHOM HE BORROWED WEEMS' LIFE OF WASHINGTON.



LINCOLN ABOUT THE TIME OF THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics were warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones' grocery Lincoln even discussed slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions in Indiana at that date.

A Debater and a Joker.

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones grocery store a reputation as a debater and story-teller; he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet, and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work—so thought his employers and Thomas, his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard-pushed farmers, to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sickles or axes to group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speech-making he attended all the trials of the neighborhood, and frequently walked 15 miles to Booneville to attend court.

If his struggle for both livelihood and education was rough and hard, his life was not without amusements. The sports he preferred were those which brought men together; the spelling-school, the husking-bee, the "raising"; and of all of these he was the life by his wit, his stories, his good nature, his doggedness, his practical jokes, and by a rough kind of politeness. Lincoln's old comrades and friends in Indiana have left many tales of how he "went to see the girls"; of how he brought in the biggest back-log and made the brightest fire; then of how, "sitting around," he watched the way the sparks flew, the young folks told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn and crack nuts. He took the girls to meeting and to spelling-school, although he was not often allowed to take part in the spelling-match, for the one who "chose first" always chose "Abe Lincoln," and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that "he would stand up the longest."

"The Beginning of Love in Me."

The nearest approach to sentiment at this time of which we know is a story he once told to an acquaintance in Springfield. It was a rainy day, and he was sitting with his feet on the wood-sill, his eyes on the street, watching the rain. Suddenly he looked up and said: "Did you ever write out a story in your mind? I did when I was a little coddler. One day a wagon with a lady and two girls and a man broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first I ever had heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls; and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house I wrote out a story in my mind. I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with

the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on my horse, and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to a camp; and when we woke up we found it was the one we had left a few hours before, and we went in. The next night we tried again, and the same thing happened—the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once; but I concluded it was not much of a story. But I think that was the beginning of love with me."

Two Tragedies of Lincoln's Boyhood

His life had its tragedies—tragedies so real and profound that they gave dignity to all the goodness and poverty which surrounded him, and quickened and intensified the melancholy temperament he had inherited from his mother. Away back in 1816, when Thomas Lincoln had started to find a farm in Indiana, bidding his wife be ready to go into the wilderness on his return, Nancy Lincoln had taken her boy and girl to a tiny grave, that of her youngest child; and the three had there said good-bye to a little one whom the children had scarcely known, but for whom the mother's grief was so keen that the boy never forgot the scene. Two years later he saw his father make a green pine box and put his dead mother into it, and he saw her buried not far from their cabin, almost without prayer. Young as he was, it is said that it was his efforts which brought a parson from Kentucky, three months later, to preach the sermon and conduct the service which seemed to the child a necessary honor to the dead. As sad as the death of his mother had been was that of his only sister, Sarah, married to Aaron Grigsby in 1826, who had died a year and a half later in childbirth, a death which to her brother must have seemed a horror and a mystery.

Apart from these family sorrows he even saw in those days one of his companions go suddenly mad. The young man never recovered his reason, but sank into idleness. All night he would crouch plaintive songs, and Lincoln himself tells how, fascinated by this mysterious malady, he used to rise before daylight to cross the fields and listen to this funeral dirge of the reason. In spite of the poverty and rudeness of his life the depth of his nature had not been blunted. He could feel intensely, and his imagination was quick to respond to the touch of mystery.

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"WHAT THEN?"

BY JUD POTTER.
If I could sail the seas where leg billions roll
And plant the Nation's emblem at North
Climb up far mountain heights, as yet un-
reached by men
And master all the unknown arts—after
that, what then?
Could I attain the greatest wealth, and all
the world command,
Know all the wonders of the sea and
those upon the land;
Discover why the flowers bloom in every
vale and glen,
And even know where time was born—
after that, what then?
Could I the simple problem solve that fills
The world with strife, all—the prin-
ciple of life—
And write it on the vaulted sky, where all
rest, rest, and when
At last, with problem solved, after that—
what then?
Through faith I see, in future years, the
Unrest, with its incessant lash, its mean-
ing, its unfulfillment,
And down the coming ages 'till be re-
vealed to men,
The questions sealed for eons past—"the
wherefore and the when."

Housing Berlin's Poor.

Harper's.
Berlin has co-operative tenements whose inmates have light and air in plenty, and where there is every evidence of scientific thought in housing the poor. On the other hand, there are over 20,000 people living in underground tenements in that imperial city, whose dark holes are still unregulated by law. Begging is a penal offense in Berlin, and professional vagabondage is severely punished; yet 50,000 people seek refuge in the municipal night shelters of Berlin alone in one single year.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.
IN 1816, when he was 7, a great event happened to the little boy, Abraham Lincoln. His father embarked on a journey to a farm selected on a previous trip he had made. This farm, located near Little Pigeon Creek, about 15 miles north of the Ohio River, and a mile and a half east of Gentryville, Spencer County, was in a forest so dense that the road for the travelers had to be hewed out as they went.

To a boy of 7 years, free from all responsibility, and too vigorous to feel its hardships, such a journey must have been "a panorama of delightful novelty." Life suddenly ceased its routine, and every day brought forth new and strange scenes and adventures. Little Abraham saw forests greater than he had ever dreamed of, peopled by strange new birds and beasts, and he crossed a river so wide that it must have seemed to him like the sea. To Thomas and Nancy Lincoln the journey was probably a hard and sad one; but to the children beside them it was a wonderful voyage into the unknown.

Abraham Helps to Build His Home.

On arriving at the new farm an axe was put into the boy's hands, and he was set to work to help build the home of the Lincolns, and to aid in clearing a field for corn. There were few more primitive homes in the wilderness of Indiana in 1816 than this of young Lincoln's, and there were few families, even in that day, who were forced to practice more makeshifts to get a living. The cabin which took the place of the "half-face camp" had but one room, with a loft above. For a long time there was no window, door, or floor; not even the traditional deer-skin hung before the opening for light, nor the parchment covering on the ground on which they trod.

The furniture was painfully primitive. Their bedstead, or, rather, bedframe, was still made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in auger-holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; skins were not so well off as this even, his bed being a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall. The table and chairs were of the rudest sort—rough slabs of wood in which holes were bored and legs fitted in.

The food, if coarse, was usually abundant, though sometimes the variety was painfully small. Of game there was plenty—deer, bear, pig, wild turkeys, ducks, birds of all kinds. There were fish in the streams, and wild fruits of many kinds in the woods in the summer, and these were dried for winter use; but the difficulty of raising and milling corn and wheat was very great. "Corn dodger" was the every-day bread of the Lincoln household, the wheat cake being a reserved dainty for Sunday mornings.

Potatoes Only for Dinner.

Potatoes were the only vegetables raised in any quantity, and there were times in the Lincoln family when they were the only food on the table; a fact proved to posterity by the oft-repeated remark of Abraham to his father after a dish of roasted potatoes that they were "mighty poor blessings." Not only were potatoes all the Lincolns had for dinner sometimes, if they were all they had on occasions to offer guests; for one of their neighbors told of calling there once when raw potatoes, pared and washed, were passed around and eaten as apples. Abraham was little cotton or flannel-woolsey. His trousers were of roughly tanned deer-skin, his foot covering a home-made moccasin, his cap a coneyskin, his coat a blouse of linsey-woolsey.

These "pretty pinching times," as Abraham Lincoln once described the early days in Indiana, lasted until 1819. This year before, Nancy Lincoln had died, and for many months no more forlorn places could be conceived than the bereft household; but finally Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and returned with a new wife—Sally Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, John, Sarah and Matilda. The new mother came well provided with household furniture—things unheard of before by little Abraham—"one fine bureau, one table, one set of chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles." She at once made the cabin habitable and taught the children habits of cleanliness and comfort.

By this time Abraham had become an important member of the family. He was remarkably strong for his years, and the work he could do in a day was a decided advantage to Thomas Lincoln. The ex-which had been put into his hand to help in making the first clearing, he had never been allowed to drop; indeed, as he says himself, "from that till within his 23d year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument." Besides, he drove the team, cut down the elm and linn brush with which the stock was often fed, learned to han-

die the old shovel plow, to wield the sickle, to thresh the wheat with a flail, to fan and clean it with a sheet, to go to mill and turn the hard-earned grain into flour; in short, he learned all the trades the settler's boy must know, and well enough so that when his father did not need him he could hire to the neighbors. Thomas Lincoln also taught him the rudiments of carpentry and cabinet-making, and kept him busy some of the time as his assistant in his trade. There are houses still standing in and near Gentryville, on which it is said he worked.

Hired Boy at Two Bits a Day.

As he grew older he became one of the strongest and most popular "hands" in the vicinity, and much of his time was spent as a "hired boy" on some neighbor's farm. For 25 cents a day—paid to his father—he was hostler, plowman, woodchopper and carpenter, besides helping the women with the "chores." In 1828 he added to his other accomplishments that of ferryman, being employed for some nine months at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where it joins the Ohio. This experience opened new possibilities to him, and he became ambitious to try the river as a boatman. It was a custom among the farmers of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois at this date to collect a quantity of produce, build a raft, and float down to New Orleans to sell it. Young Lincoln saw this, and wanted to try his fortune as a produce merchant. An incident of his projected trip he related once to Mr. Seward:

How Lincoln Earned His First Dollar.

"Seward," he said, "you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward.
"Well," replied he, "I was about 8 years of age and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South, 'the scrubs,' people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered down to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river, we have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in a carriage, and, looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked: 'Who owns this?' I answered modest, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

Soon after this, while he was working for Mr. Gentry, the leading citizen of Gentryville, his employer decided to send his son to New Orleans with a load of produce, and chose young Lincoln to go as "bow-hand," "to work the front oars." For this trip he received \$3 a month and his passage back as a deck passenger on a steamer.

Struggling for an Education.

With all this hard living and hard work Lincoln was getting in this period a desultory kind of education. Not that he received much schooling. He went "by littles," he says; "in all it did not amount to more than a year." But more or less of the schoolroom is a matter of small importance if a boy had learned to read and to think of what he read. And that this boy had learned. His stock of books was small, but he knew them thoroughly, and they were good books to

know: The Bible, Esop's "Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a "History of the United States," Weems' "Life of Washington," and the "Statutes of Indiana." These are the chief ones we know about. He did not own them all, but sometimes had to borrow them from the neighbors, a practice which resulted in at least one casualty, for Weems' "Life of Washington" he allowed to get wet, and to make good the loss he had to pull fodder three days. No matter. The book became his then, and he could read it as he would. Fortunately he took this curious work in profound seriousness, which a wide-awake boy would hardly be expected to do today. Washington became the exalted figure in his imagination, and he always contended later, when the question of the real character of the first President was brought up, that it was wiser to regard him as a godlike character, heroic in nature and deeds, as Weems did, than to contend that he was only a man who if wise and good, still made mistakes and indulged in follies like other men.

In 1831, addressing the Senate of the State of New Jersey, he said: "May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen—Weems' 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for."

Besides these books he borrowed many. He once told a friend that he "read" through every book he had ever heard of in that country, for a circuit of 50 miles. From everything he read he made long extracts, using a turkey-buzzard pen and briar-root ink. When he had paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copy-book. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he would cipher with a charred stick, shaving it off when covered. The logs and boards in his vicinity were always filled with his figures

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET, A POPULAR WAR TIME PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP.

and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. In his habits of reading and study the boy had little encouragement from his father, but his step-mother did all she could for him. Indeed, between the two there soon grew up a relation of touching gentleness and confidence. No newspaper ever escaped him. One man in Gentryville, a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common-sense. It

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865

(This tribute appeared in the London Punch, which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.)
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain;
Besides this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?
Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of Princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.
My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.
How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful in fame.
He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;
Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.
The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that obdurate the boatman's toll,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,
The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.
So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it, four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the halleluiah to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.
The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame;
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!
A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.
Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly strive;
With the martyr's crown crowned a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.
—Tom Taylor.